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October.

It is now October—the tenth month in the year. It was anciently called *wyn monat*, or wine month, because this is the season of the vintage. An old stanza says,

“Then for ‘October month’ they put
A rude illuminated cut,
Reaching the grapes from off the vine,
Or pressing them, or turning wine;
Or something to denote that there
Was vintage at this time of year.”

In this country, we have some grapes, but we make no wine, or very little. With us, October is a beautiful month; for now the green leaves of the forest are changed and present a variety of the most brilliant hues. The woodbine is seen climbing up the trees and rocks, as red as the coat of a British soldier. The ash, the maple, the oak, the shumack, are clothed in red, yellow, and purple of every shade. The mountain

seems to be robed in a coat of many colors.

Although winter is approaching, and already many of the leaves are dropping from the boughs to wither and to perish, still the aspect of the forest is gay and brilliant, as if nature put on her most gorgeous garments at the very moment when death and decay are approaching.

While these scenes are presented to the eye, the farmer is busy in gathering his crop of Indian corn, digging his potatoes, and securing the pumpkins, squashes, beets, and other vegetables of the garden. The migratory birds have departed, but the whistle of the quail is heard at morning and evening. The drumming of the partridge murmurs through the forest, and the squirrel is seen feasting upon the chestnut and walnut trees. October is, indeed, a pleasant month.



The Island of Hong Kong.

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IN the late war between Great Britain and China, the former took possession of the island of Hong Kong. They still retain it as a station for their vessels; and as it is likely to become a place of some interest, we give a picture which presents the bold and rugged aspect of the country, and we shall now add a few particulars descriptive of the island.

It lies on the coast, at the southeastern point of China, and near to the main land. Its surface is very uneven, it being broken into rugged mountains and deep valleys. It appears like a huge mass of earth and rock, that has been severed from the adjacent continent and tumbled into the sea. The loftiest peak is said to be about fifteen hundred feet high.

The view of the island which we have

presented, exhibits several tall, conical mountains, rising in the centre, and a beautiful cascade, pouring over a high rock into the sea. To the right may be seen a few small huts, which, a few years since, constituted the only habitations upon the island. These were occupied by a small number of miserable natives, who lived almost entirely by fishing.

The island is for the most part sterile and unpromising. It has no beasts and few birds; scarcely a tree finds root in its soil, and the shrubs are stunted and dwarf-like. By the margin of the streams, there are numerous flowers, some of which are exceedingly beautiful. The climate is hot, and the thermometer sometimes rises to one hundred and twenty degrees. This island is chiefly valuable to the British on account of its fine harbor, which is capable of containing a great number of ships, which may there rest in security.

Tippoo Saib.



THIS monarch, sultan of Mysore in Hindostan, was a son of the famous

Hyder Ali, and became distinguished in those wars which Great Britain carried on for the purpose of subjecting this portion of India. He was born in 1751, and succeeded his father in 1782. In 1783, he signed a treaty of peace with England, which put an end to the wars that his father had commenced.

Tippoo had now a kingdom about twice as large as the state of New York in extent, with an annual revenue of \$14,000,000. The country was thickly peopled and well cultivated; but Tippoo was a Mahometan, and he began to persecute those who differed from him in religious faith. He caused the Brahmins to be cruelly beaten, and such was his rigor towards the Christians, that seventy thousand of them left his dominions.

After a time, he became again involved

in a war with the English, and Tippoo was besieged by Lord Cornwall, in his capital of Seringapatam. Reduced to extremity, he agreed to a peace, by the terms of which he was compelled to relinquish one half his kingdom and pay the enormous sum of \$15,000,000. This took place in 1792.

Tippoo was a man of great talents and a good deal of pride. He could not well submit to the humiliation he had suffered, and accordingly he again engaged in war against the English. He had entered into intrigues with the French, and as Bonaparte at this time made his famous expedition into Egypt, it has been supposed that he expected assistance from Tippoo in an attempt to subjugate India and strip England of her possessions in that quarter.

The British troops prosecuted the war with vigor, and having defeated the sultan in two pitched battles, he was obliged to retreat to his capital. Here he was again invested, and on the 4th of May, 1799, Seringapatam was carried by storm. Tippoo was slain in the assault, while bravely defending the ramparts, and his kingdom was divided. This monarch, though capricious and cruel, was fond of literature, and had collected an extensive and valuable library, which is still preserved in the University of Calcutta.

A Revolutionary Story.

CHAPTER II.

[Continued from page 16.]

It is not our design to detail the proceedings of the regiment raised in Saybrook, and commanded by Colonel Joinly. It is sufficient to say that it marched toward New York, and crossing over the Sound to Long Island, for the purpose of executing some plan against a detachment of British troops stationed there,

they were attacked by a superior force, and after some brave fighting, were driven back. A small portion of them, including the colonel, being separated from the rest, were surrounded and captured. The rest were dispersed and returned to their homes.

New York had now fallen into the hands of the British, and General Clinton, the British commander, had established his head-quarters there. The citizens, for the most part, remained at home, though many families had departed for other portions of the country. Those who remained were not disturbed in their ordinary business, though they were carefully watched by the British officers.

The city of New York at this period seemed almost like a British town. The soldiers of King George, dressed in their red coats, and bearing the British flag, were seen parading the streets every day and filling the city with the sounds of the fife and drum. Sir Henry Clinton had a fine house, where he might often be seen, surrounded by British officers gayly decked in gold lace, rich epaulettes, and cocked hats ornamented with plumes.

Though the business of these men was war, they seemed, while in New York, to be chiefly occupied with amusement. It is true, that, during the day, they rode forth on fine horses to review the troops, examine the fortifications, or inspect military stores. Sometimes they assembled together for counsel, when they might be seen carefully inspecting maps, reading despatches, and forming deep schemes to defeat General Washington and conquer our country.

But although a portion of their time was thus occupied, still these officers seemed to live as if amusement engrossed their attention. They were often seen gallanting gay ladies through the streets, and almost every evening was

devoted to pleasure. Frequent levees were held at the general's house, where music, dancing and revelry seemed to fill the hearts of all who were present. There were several American families in New York, who were friendly to the British and opposed to the cause of liberty; they were called tories. These paid their court to General Clinton, and did everything in their power to please, amuse, and gratify his officers.

Thus things went gayly on in the city, while war raged in all parts of the country. Towns and villages were attacked, the houses plundered and burned, the inhabitants slain or driven in poverty and desolation from their houses. Even where these scenes of violence had not occurred, and in places remote from battle and bloodshed, there was sorrow and gloom hanging over many a family and many a village. To form an idea of this, let us turn our attention a moment to Saybrook and the home of Colonel Joinly. He had now been absent about two years, being detained in captivity at New York. He had left behind him a wife and family of six children.

Before his departure, they had lived in the enjoyment of wealth and prosperity. Their house stood upon the bank of the Connecticut river, commanding a view of the noble bay, which spreads out at the point where that stream mingles with the ocean. The edifice was of the olden fashion, of two stories, with a steep roof and heavy cornices. It was of ample dimensions, with several out-houses and two large barns; the latter showing that a liberal farm was connected with the domain.

Several lofty elms stood around, and two in front, with their vast spreading branches, especially, indicated the full century which had elapsed since the house was reared. In the present instance, they might have been emblematic

of the two heads of the house. It seldom happens that two nobler spirits are united than in the alliance of Captain Joinly and his wife.

He was distinguished alike for manly beauty, fine intellect, and true nobleness of soul. Eminent in his profession, he had acquired wealth, which had been used to embellish his home, bestow the advantages of education upon his family, and dispense charity around him. His wife was in every respect his equal.

I remember her well, for she lived to the age of threescore and ten, and when I was a boy, and sat upon her knee, she told me the tales which I am now telling. In her old age, her tall form was erect, her eye black and piercing, and as she walked upon her high-heeled shoes, she seemed the very image of dignity. She was still scrupulous as to her toilette; and though she had the long waist, the tall cap, the frizzed gray hair, the rich, stiff, black silk of the olden time, there was a graciousness of manner, a heavenly sanctity of countenance about her, which rendered her, as my memory has preserved her portrait, one of the most beautiful beings I have ever beheld. There is surely no extravagance in conceiving that the two noble elms that stood before the old mansion, were emblematic of the master and mistress who presided over it.

For a series of years, an unbroken tide of prosperity had seemed to attend the Joinly family. In the enjoyment of wealth and respectability, they also possessed the confidence and good will of all around. They might, perhaps, be considered a little aristocratic, and there was doubtless something of family pride in their hearts.

But these things were common in that day; the English custom of dividing society into different ranks was prevalent in the country. Where there was wealth, talent, and good character, a certain do

gree of superiority was assumed. It did not then, as in our day, give offence, for such was the practice of the people; and especially in the case of the Joinlys, was the rank assumed on the one hand, and accorded on the other, without provoking unpleasant feelings. In the dignity they maintained, there was nothing of strutting, of haughtiness, or pride; and such was their reputation for kindness, hospitality and charity to all, that envy was disarmed and scandal silenced.

Such was the state of things when the hospital on Duck Island was destroyed. This was a serious disaster; for the amount of property that was lost was considerable. It was, however, followed by other calamities. Colonel Joinly expended a large sum of money in preparing his own outfit and that of the regiment, all of which was speedily dissipated. Beside this, the unfortunate result of his expedition, though in no respect occasioned by want of skill or courage, had impaired the reputation of the colonel, and served in no small degree to mortify the feelings of the family.

But more than all, his prolonged captivity, and the circumstances which attended it, served to harass both himself and those who were nearest and dearest to his heart. He was detained at the western extremity of Long Island, contiguous to New York, where a large number of American prisoners were kept. Some of these were in barracks, and others in the hulks of large vessels, which were moored near the shore of the present town of Brooklyn.

Crowded closely together in these dismal apartments, with unwholesome and scanty food, surrounded with a putrid atmosphere, and deprived of every comfort, the poor wretches suffered everything that humanity could endure. Many of them fell victims to these miseries, as well as to diseases engendered by desti-

tution, famine, and an infectious atmosphere.—Colonel Joinly, from his rank, was spared these miseries; but he was a physician, and seeing the sufferings of these poor wretches, his generous heart was touched with pity, and, from the first, he devoted himself to their alleviation as far as was in his power. He expended the little money he possessed in the purchase of medicines, and when this was exhausted, he sent home to his family, begging them to forward him all the money in their power to be employed in this pressing charity.

Though already impoverished, and struggling under many difficulties, his wife despatched all the money she could collect, and added several articles of jewelry. All this was soon expended, and still there was a demand for more. The colonel, at length, exchanged his gold watch and his gold sleeve buckles for medicines; and finally he proceeded to some of the merchants in New York, and ran in debt to a considerable amount for the same object.

From the earliest dawn, till late at night, he was devoted to the poor, suffering soldiers. Sometimes an hundred of them were prostrate with disease, and he was the only physician. Naturally of a kind and sympathizing nature, he felt the sorrows of these poor creatures as if they were his own. He not only administered to them as a physician, but he alleviated their sorrows in every way that his ingenuity could suggest.

The soldiers looked upon him as their only friend, and they regarded him with an affection almost bordering upon idolatry. In a multitude of cases, he was called by the dying soldiers to communicate their last words to their friends, and a large part of his time was taken up in writing letters of this nature. Nothing could exceed the patience, the gentleness, the sympathy, with which he would sit by the bedside of the dying,

soothing their agonies of body and softening their mental sorrows.

While thus, for two long years, Colonel Joinly was occupied in his career of charity, his family at home had been subjected to many privations. Everything that could be done by a woman was achieved by the energy, skill, and devotion of his wife. But they had been completely impoverished by the draining of their resources, and nothing was left to the support of a large and expensive family but the farm. From this, the absolute necessities of life were indeed procured, but nothing more.

The situation of Mrs. Joinly was, in many respects, distressing. Her husband was in captivity, and in circumstances which led her to feel that his life must soon be sacrificed to exposure, care and anxiety. She knew the depth of his feelings, and foresaw that unless he were soon released from his present condition, he would speedily wear out his life from mere sympathy with the distress around him. She had several sons, now approaching manhood, who needed the guidance of a father; and she had daughters, who were deprived of advantages which they once possessed, and which a father's presence alone could restore.

With all her care, she felt too that stern poverty was creeping upon them. The old family carriage had been laid aside, the sleek horses were gone, and the plough-horse alone remained in their stead. The ample flock of sheep had dwindled down to some half dozen ewes. Nothing remained of the noble dairy, but two lean cows. The fences of the farm were going to decay, and everything around seemed to wear an aspect of ruin and dilapidation.

Hitherto, Mrs. Joinly had supported her adversities with firmness, or if she had moments of weakness, they were hidden from the view of all around, and

the tears which were shed, fell in secrecy and silence. But at last, she wrote a letter to her husband, setting forth her anxieties, and begging him earnestly to adopt some means by which he would be able to return.

When this letter reached Colonel Joinly, his heart was wrung with anguish. It seemed impossible that he should leave the prisoners to their fate, and yet, the call of his family appeared imperative. With a view of discharging his duty to all, he proceeded to General Clinton, and in moving terms set before him the distresses of the prisoners, and the necessity of provision, of medicines, medical attendants and other comforts. This earnestness and eloquence extorted a promise of compliance with these reasonable requests; but the event proved that it was promise alone.

Colonel Joinly also wrote to General Washington, entreating him to provide for his immediate exchange. He set before him his great sacrifices, his broken constitution, his ruined fortunes, his distressed family. The reply received from the commander-in-chief was full of kindly sympathy, but it still expressed a belief that Colonel Joinly's presence with the distressed prisoners was indispensable, and that his leaving them would be but a dereliction of duty.

In a state almost bordering on despair, his nerves already shaken by impaired health, the colonel proceeded to General Clinton, and besought him to grant him leave of absence for a month, upon parole. The request seemed to startle the general at first, but great virtues make their way through all hearts. Colonel Joinly's devotion to the prisoners had become the theme of praise even with the enemy, and had reached the ears of the British commander. He therefore, after a little hesitation, granted the request of Colonel Joinly, taking only his word of honor as the pledge for his return.

The war-worn soldier now made preparations to depart for his home, but, owing to some caprice in the British commander, or other circumstances, which we cannot explain, at the moment Colonel Joinly was about to depart, his leave of absence was revoked, and sick at heart, he was obliged to submit to the disappointment which this event occasioned.

(To be continued.)

[For Merry's Museum.]

The Blue-Bird.

ABOUT the beginning, or early in the month of March, in Connecticut and Massachusetts, comes the delightful blue-bird. "Everybody loves the blue-bird," says the Rev. Dr. Peabody, in his Report on the Birds of Massachusetts. And Mr. Wilson remarks of him, "As one of the first messengers of spring, bringing the charming tidings to our very doors, he bears his own recommendation always along with him, and meets with a hearty welcome from everybody."

The blue-bird has been so beautifully described by other writers, and so well known, that I shall do little else than quote from others, and principally from Wilson, who is perhaps unrivalled in his description of birds.

He has written a poetical account of him, which is so interesting and beautiful, and which so few persons, especially children, have an opportunity of reading in his beautiful work on American Ornithology, that I am tempted to transcribe the whole of it for the readers of Merry's Museum, young and old.

"When Winter's cold tempests and snows are no more,
Green meadows and brown furrow'd fields re-appearing,
The fishermen hauling their shad to the shore,
And cloud-cleaving geese to the lakes are a-steering;

When first the lone butterfly flits on the wing,
When red glow the maples, so fresh and so pleasing,

O, then comes the Blue-bird, the herald of spring!

And hails with his warblings the charms of the season.

"Then loud-piping frogs make the marshes to ring;

Then warm glows the sunshine, and fine is the weather;

The blue woodland flowers just beginning to spring,

And spicewood and sassafras budding together;

O, then, to your gardens ye housewives repair,
Your walks border up, sow and plant at your leisure;

The Blue-bird will chant from his box, such an air,

That all your hard toils will seem truly a pleasure!

"He flits through the orchard, he visits each tree,

The red-flowering peach and the apple's sweet blossoms;

He snaps up destroyers wherever they be;

And seizes the caitiffs that lurk in their bosoms;

He drags the vile grub from the corn it devours,
The worms from their webs, where they riot and welter;

His song and his services freely are ours,

And all that he asks is—in summer a shelter.

"The ploughman is pleased when he gleans in his train,

Now searching the furrows,—now mounting to cheer him;

The gard'ner delights in his sweet simple strain,
And leans on his spade to survey and to hear him;

The slow lingering school-boys forget they'll be chid,

While gazing intent as he warbles before them,

In mantle of sky-blue and bosom so red,

That each little loiterer seems to adore him.

"When all the gay scenes of the summer are o'er,

And autumn slow enters so silent and fallow,
And millions of warblers that charmed us before,

Have fled in the train of the sun-seeking swallow;

The Blue-bird, forsaken, yet true to his home,
Still lingers and looks for a milder to-morrow,

Till, forced by the horrors of winter to roam,
He sings his adieu in a lone note of sorrow.

"While spring's lovely season, serene, dewy,
warm,

The green face of earth, and the pure blue of
heaven,

Or love's native music have influence to charm,

Or sympathy's glow to our feelings are given,

Still dear to each bosom the Blue-bird shall be ;

His voice, like the thrillings of hope, is a
treasure,

For through bleakest storms, if a calm he but
see,

He comes, to remind us of sunshine and
pleasure!"

The Blue-bird, as most persons, young and old, probably know, builds its nest in a hole in some old tree, generally an apple tree, unless a box is provided for him, in which the female lays five or six very pale blue eggs. Its song is a pleasant warble, which everybody loves to hear. Says Wilson, "In his motions and general character, he has great resemblance to the Robin Redbreast of Britain, (meaning Great Britain,) and had he the brown-olive of that bird, instead of his own blue, could scarcely be distinguished from him. Like him, he is known to almost every child; and shows as much confidence in man by associating with him in summer, as the other by his familiarity in winter. His society is courted by the inhabitants of the country, and few farmers neglect to provide for him, in some suitable place, a snug little summer-house, ready fitted and rent free. For this, he more than sufficiently repays them by the cheerfulness of his song, and the multitude of injurious insects which he daily destroys."

If the young readers of Merry's Museum will make a small box, with a hole in it large enough for the bird to go in and out, and nail it up in the neighborhood of the house, in the spring or fore part of summer, they will be almost certain to have either a blue-bird's or a

wren's nest made in it, and can examine the eggs and young at their pleasure.

Last year I put up a box, for martins, on the side of my house, but no martins coming, a pair of blue-birds took possession of it, and raised a brood of young ones. This season, a box which I nailed up near the house, has a wren's nest built in it, in which the female has now (July 3d) laid two eggs. The blue-birds have not yet occupied the martin box, but I think they may, as it was late last year when they made their nest in it.

VIREO.

KIRCHER.—The celebrated astronomer, Athanasius Kircher, having an acquaintance who denied the existence of a Supreme Being, took the following method to convince him of his error upon his own principles. Expecting a visit from him, he procured a very handsome globe, or representation of the starry heavens, which was placed in the corner of the room, where it could not escape his friend's observation; who, when he came, asked from whence it came, and to whom it belonged. "Not to me," said Kircher, "nor was it ever made by any person, but came here by mere chance." "That," replied his skeptical friend, "is absolutely impossible: you surely jest." Kircher, however, persisting in his assertion, took occasion to reason with his friend on his own atheistical principles. "You will not believe," said he, "that this small body originated in mere chance; and yet you would contend that those heavenly bodies of which it is but a faint and diminutive resemblance, came into existence without order or design." Pursuing this train of reasoning, his friend was at first confounded, next convinced, and ultimately joined in a cordial acknowledgement of the absurdity of denying the existence of a God.

Green.

Of all colors, green is most agreeable to the eye. Red is bright and dazzling, and pleases us for a moment; but how painful would it be if the whole landscape around us were of a bright red color! How soon would our eyes begin to ache! How dreadful would be the spectacle in the heat of summer, and during the long days of June, July, and August! How soon would a large part of mankind, under these circumstances, be reduced to a state of absolute blindness!

If the earth were covered with yellow, or pink, or purple, or even blue, the effect upon the eye would be either painful and destructive to the sight, or at least very disagreeable. But as the earth is covered with green a large part of the year, and as this color is agreeable to the eye, none of these evil consequences are experienced.

How beautifully are the wisdom and goodness of God displayed in so adjusting the eye of man that it should take delight in that color which prevails in nature. If God had not been a wise being, he would not have adapted things to each other in this admirable manner. If he had not been a benevolent being, he would not have made the whole earth like a picture, so that the eye of man might rejoice in it. He would not have clothed the mountain, the forest, the hill-side, the meadow and the valley, in that particular color which is the only one of all others that suits the human eye.

What is it to be Polite?

POLITENESS is a delicate regard to the feelings of others. It does not consist in civil bows, or graceful wavings of the hand, or a courtly bearing of the body, or in flattering speeches; it lies rather in

avoiding rude and offensive speeches, in avoiding offensive habits, and in adopting a general course of conduct calculated to gratify and please those around us.

We sometimes see people who pretend to be very polite; who bow and say flattering things, and affect an air of polish and refinement; and who are yet haughty, and seem to say, by their airs, "We are better than you are!" Now, whatever these people may pretend to be, they are not polite—they are, rather, coarse-minded, vulgar, disagreeable, people; they are at once ill-bred, hypocritical and wicked. They pretend to be what they are not; they are filled with self-conceit, and are really desirous of wounding the feelings of others, by making them feel humbled in their presence. Nothing can be more offensive than such manners.

A truly polite person endeavors to put all at ease around him. If he is learned, in the presence of the unlettered he does not set off his knowledge; if he is better dressed than those around him, he does not direct attention to this fact, but leads to other topics of consideration; if he is handsome, he acts as if he did not know it; if he is of a higher station in life than others who may be present, he still treats all with due attention and kindness.

The source of politeness is the heart. If the heart is good—if it is full of gentleness, kindness, tenderness and grace, the face, the hands, the form, will all unite to express it. The manners of a person set forth his heart; they tell tales out of school, and let everybody look into the bosom. If a person is always saying malicious, ill-natured things, we know that the heart is ill-natured and malicious. If the countenance, has a severe, harsh, and unkind expression, we do not doubt that it is an index to the heart. As the pointers of a clock show how the machinery moves within—telling of every revolution, down even to the ticking of

seconds—so the manners tell the beatings of the bosom, and show to the eye of the skilful observer, all that is going on there.

Some persons fancy that politeness implies insincerity; they imagine that it requires a certain degree of pretence, flattery and gloss. This is a mistake. Politeness, like every other virtue, may be carried to excess, and thus become vicious or false. Politeness never calls upon us to sacrifice sincerity; it never requires us to say or do or pretend what is not true. It commands us to keep our manners void of offence; and the best way to do this, is to keep a heart void of offence. If we feel pleasantly, kindly, benevolently, we shall be very apt to appear pleasantly, kindly, benevolently. If by any means we have adopted a bad habit—if we have become satirical—if we have fallen into the practice of telling tales of others, or exaggerating the faults of others, or taking pleasure in telling scandalous tales of others, the moment we become apprized of it, we should break off such bad habits.

I sometimes fancy that young people—even some of my blue-eyed and black-eyed friends—hardly think that they are bound to be polite: but, let me tell you, my dear children, that now is the very time to begin to establish the habit of paying attention to the feelings of others. Let me beg of you, therefore, always—at the table, in the street, in the parlor, at church, with the young and the old—be polite; by which I mean, *be regardful of the feelings of others.*

Early Rising.

THE habit of early rising is recommended by many considerations. In the first place, it contributes to health and long life—it invigorates the body and the mind, and it gives cheerfulness to the

spirits. The fresh morning air is the best of medicines.

Early rising also contributes to pleasure. There is no part of the whole twenty-four hours so pleasing, so striking, so wonderful, as that in which the whole world wakes up from sleep, in which night gives place to day, in which the glorious fountain of life rises up as from a sea of darkness, and fulfils the bidding of the Almighty. God says, "Let there be light!" and there is light.

The habit of early rising contributes to thrift and success in the pursuits of life. The mechanic, the farmer, the merchant, or the manufacturer, who rises early in the morning, is almost certain to be successful in his business. This habit is also of the utmost importance to the student, as we shall readily see by glancing at the lives of certain great men.

John Quincy Adams has been for many years in the habit of rising at four o'clock in the morning; and it is doubtless owing to this practice, in a considerable degree, that he has attained his present eminence. He has been president of the United States; he has been the diplomatic representative of our government at various foreign courts; he has been for many years a member of congress; and all these stations he has filled with distinguished ability.

He is a profound statesman, a fine writer, an eloquent speaker. He is one of the most learned men that lives; and now, at the age of almost fourscore, he is the admiration of his countrymen, and the wonder of the age. Wherever he goes, the people crowd in flocks to see him; whenever he addresses the multitude, there is a deep and reverend silence, broken only by acclamations of applause. What a wonderful reputation has this man acquired, and in a great degree through that simple habit of early rising which is within the reach of all!

Let us look to other cases, and see

what great things have been accomplished by early rising. Paley, who, in the early part of his college career, led an indolent life, was awakened one morning at five o'clock by one of his companions, who reproached him with the waste of his time and of his strong faculties of mind. Struck with the justice of the reproach, Paley, from that time forward, rose at five every morning. It is easy to see how such a course contributed to the celebrity of this great author of the *Moral Philosophy* and the *Evidences of Christianity*.

The celebrated Dr. Doddridge says, that it is to his habit of early rising, that the world is indebted for nearly all of his works. Sir Thomas More always rose at four o'clock, and wrote one of his most famous works by thus stealing time from his sleep.

The celebrated naturalist, Linnæus, rose generally at four o'clock, and at six he gave lectures to his scholars, which

lasted till ten. Dr. Franklin was an early riser. Dr. Bowditch, the distinguished mathematician, of whom every American youth should know something, rose with the sun in summer, and at four o'clock in winter; and he used to remark, that to these morning hours he was indebted for all his mathematics. Zimmerman always wrote several hours in the early morning. Priestly was an early riser; and it is to hours gained in this way that we are indebted for many of the volumes of Sir Walter Scott.

Buffon, the celebrated writer on natural history, used to bribe his servant to wake him every morning at a certain hour, and he says, that to the perseverance of this man, the world is indebted for his well-known work on natural history. We may add to this list of great men, who have recommended early rising by their examples, the names of Sir Matthew Hale, Dr. Parkhurst, Bishop Burnet, Bishop Horne, Bishop Jewell, and many others.

Pope Julius II.

THIS extraordinary man was originally a fisherman, but his uncle, Sextus IV., being pope, and seeing that he possessed great talents, caused him to enter the church, where he soon obtained distinction. His ambition was vast, and reaching from point to point, he at last became pope, in 1503.

Although he professed to be the successor of St. Peter, who preached the gospel of peace, Julius did not hesitate to raise armies and make war; and, what is remarkable, he led his armies in person, and in battle displayed all the fierce courage and bold daring of the soldier. At the siege of Mirandola, in 1511, he exposed himself, at the head of his men, at any point of danger: when a breach in the walls was effected, he entered by a scaling ladder, sword in hand, being

among the very foremost of the headlong assailants!

The great mind of Julius was occupied with many vast projects. In the first place, he desired to restore the see of Rome to its former power, and he made wars, fought battles, and intrigued with kings and princes, to effect this object. He did a good deal, as he thought, to strengthen the power of the popes, and establish, not only the spiritual, but temporal dominion of the church; but while he was pleasing himself with the idea of success in one direction, we shall see that he was laying the train, in another, by which his schemes were to be finally exploded, and the church itself shaken to its foundations.

Julius was a lover of pleasure, and many tales are told of his vices and im-



W. MAEWEER Sc.

Pope Julius II.

moralties. He was also a lover of the fine arts—painting, sculpture, and architecture. Of these he became a patron, and many great artists, particularly Raphael and Michael Angelo, flourished in his time and under his auspices.

Julius did a great deal to improve and embellish the Vatican, which is the Pope's palace, at Rome. This building is still one of the wonders of the world, and it would require a large book to describe its hundreds of rooms, and its treasures of art, in painting and sculpture.

Among other great projects, Julius determined to build a cathedral church, one of such majesty and splendor as was suitable to the city of Rome, the seat of the popes, the centre and head of that religion which had not only pervaded the civilized world, but claimed to be the perpetuation and completion of God's dealings with man on earth. The stupendous and admirable church of St. Peter, still standing at Rome,—the wonder of the world and the triumph of art,—was the result of this grand conception.

Julius was a man of great energy—and he set immediately about his darling project. The greatest artists were employed, and the edifice was begun on the 18th April, 1506. It was hurried forward with such expedition, that the walls, after they were carried to a great elevation, cracked, and it required the wonderful genius of Michael Angelo to devise the means of remedying the difficulty, and of furnishing the stupendous plans for the final completion of the building.

St. Peter's was not finished till more than a century after both Julius and Michael Angelo had gone down to their graves—so vain are both ambition and genius, in satisfying their own desires. And as to Julius, this very work, designed, no doubt, to hand down his name with glory to after times, resulted in a very different manner. His various

schemes led him into many expenses, and in his need for money he granted the sale of *indulgences* for sins—causing it to be set forth that the money thus obtained, was to build the church of St. Peter. Julius seems to have thought it very desirable to erect this noble church; he, perhaps, regarded it as a very laudable and holy enterprise, though doubtless, some share of selfish ambition was mingled with other feelings. And, further, Julius seems to have thought, for such a great and good object, that he might deal in indulgences,—which were pieces of paper, sold for large sums of money, in which the pope declared that the sins committed by persons buying them, were remitted and forgiven of God!

This traffic being carried on to a great extent, roused the famous Martin Luther in opposition to the church of Rome, and the result was the Reformation, by which the power of the church of Rome was greatly abridged, and the popes themselves humbled. Thus the ambition of Julius resulted in disgrace to himself, and humiliation to the institution which he so eagerly sought to glorify.

A GENTLEMAN, one dark night, riding home through a wood, had the misfortune to strike his head against the branch of a tree, and fell from his horse, stunned by the blow. The animal immediately returning to the house which they had left, about a mile distant, found the door closed and the family retired to bed.

He then pawed at the door, till one of them, hearing the noise, arose and opened it, and to his surprise found the horse of his friend. No sooner was the door opened than the horse turned round, and the man, suspecting there was something wrong, followed the animal, who led him directly to the spot where his master lay on the ground in a state of insensibility.

Eccentric Characters.



RICHARD DICKINSON.

THIS man, though deformed by nature, as he is represented in the picture, lived a happy life, amassed wealth, became a great favorite with fashionable people, and at last acquired the title of Governor.

Dicky, as he was familiarly called, lived at Scarborough, a town in Yorkshire, England, famous for mineral waters and sea bathing. It has long been a fashionable resort in England, and in paying attention to those who frequented the place, Dicky collected considerable money. With this, he built several public houses, and as he was now rich, and withal very facetious, he became quite a noted character. The ladies patronized him; poets sung his praises, the famous Hysing painted his portrait, and Vertue,

no less celebrated, engraved it. A large etching was executed, from which the above sketch is taken, and to the likeness the following lines were subjoined:

"Behold the governor of Scarborough Spaw,
The strangest phiz and form you ever saw,
Yet, when you view the beauties of his mind,
In him a second Æsop you may find.
Samos unenvied boasts her Æsop gone,
And France may glory in her late Scarron,
While England has a living Dickinson."

Dickinson received the title of governor somewhat in mockery, but he took it in good part. He flourished rather more than a century ago.



JAMES WHITNEY.

THIS notorious person, who was executed in 1694, for robbery, was bred a

butcher, and it is said that his first attempt at crime consisted in an effort to steal a calf. He and a companion had endeavored, in the course of a certain morning, to purchase the calf; but as the owner demanded an exorbitant price, they determined to steal it the next night.

It happened to be very dark, but, after some parley, Whitney agreed to enter the stable and seize the animal, while his companion watched without. He entered accordingly, and began feeling about for his prey. He soon felt something rough, and taking it for the calf, began tickling it, in order to make it rise. Suddenly, the animal seemed to get upon its hind legs, and anon grasping Whitney with its fore paws, gave him a most severe hug. In this posture, he was forced to stand, lost in astonishment, unable to move, and afraid to cry out, lest he should alarm the innkeeper or some of the family; the thief without, wondering all the time at his delay.

The latter, at length, putting his head in at the door, said, "What is it that keeps you? Are we to be all night stealing a calf?" "A calf!" exclaimed Whitney; "why, I believe it is the Imp himself, for he has got his paws about me, and keeps me so close that I can't stir a step." "Pooh!" cried the other; "what nonsense; but imp or no imp, I should like to see him,—so make haste, and fetch him out at once."

Whitney was too much alarmed to be pleased with this jesting tone, and immediately rejoined, impatiently, "Oh, do be quiet, and come to my assistance, for I don't half like him." The other accordingly entered, and after a little examination, they discovered, to their amazement, that they were deceived.

It seems that a muzzled bear, belonging to an itinerant showman, having been accidentally placed in the stable during the day, the calf had been removed to make room for him. By their joint

efforts, Whitney got relieved from the bear's grasp, when both made off with all speed, half resolved never again to try their hand at thieving, since the trade had had so luckless a beginning.

Unfortunately, Whitney did not mind the warning conveyed by this ill success. He soon after became an inn-keeper in Hertfordshire, and connected himself with a set of people, called *Gentlemen of the road*. These were robbers, who waylaid travellers, and robbed them of their money, jewels, watches, &c.

These desperate men were in those days so numerous along the great roads in England, that no persons who had money, thought of travelling, unless they were sufficiently armed. Many of these robbers became distinguished for their daring feats, and some of them were almost as famous as Robin Hood. Whitney, at last, became a leader among these men, and a great many wonderful tales were told of his dexterity, boldness, and success. It seems that he pretended to be a generous robber, and the following story is told of him.

He once robbed a gentleman on Newmarket heath of a large quantity of silver, tied up in a bag. When Whitney had got the money, the gentleman remonstrated with him, saying, "that he should be put to the greatest inconvenience, if he were obliged to proceed on his journey without money." Upon this, Whitney opened the mouth of the bag, and told him to take what would pay his expenses. The gentleman took out as much as his two hands would hold, to which Whitney made no objection, only remarking, with a smile, "I thought you would have had more conscience, sir."

Whitney pursued his career of crime, but justice followed in his track. He was finally betrayed by one of his companions in iniquity, and being tried in London, received sentence of death. In

he presence of a vast crowd, he acknowledged his guilt, and, at the early age of thirty-four years, was aunched into eternity.



HENRY WOLBY.

THIS individual inherited a large estate, was bred at the university, and spent several years abroad in travelling. On his return, he married a lady of great beauty, and became in the course of time a man of great respectability, honored by the rich, blessed by the poor and respected by all.

When he was about forty years old, he had a dispute with his brother. He met him one day in the fields, and the latter snapped a pistol at him, which happily flashed in the pan. Thinking this was only done to frighten him, Wolby disarmed the ruffian, put the pistol in his pocket, and thoughtfully returned home.

On examining the weapon, he found that it was loaded with bullets. This had such an extraordinary effect upon his mind that he instantly determined to retire from the world, in which resolution he persisted to the end of his life.

He took a house in Grub street, London, and selected three rooms for himself, one for eating, one for lodging, and the third for study. He had no attendant but an old maid; and while his diet was set on the table by her, he retired into his lodging room, and into his study while his bed was making. Out of these chambers, from the time of his entry into them, he never issued, till he was carried thence, forty-four years after, on men's shoulders; neither in all that

time did his son-in-law, daughter, or grand-child, brother, sister, or kinsman, young or old, rich or poor, of what degree or condition, soever, look upon his face, save the ancient maid, whose name was Elizabeth. She only made his fire, prepared his bed, provided his diet, and dressed his chambers. She saw him but seldom—never but in cases of extraordinary necessity—and died not above six days before him.

"In all the time of his retirement, he never tasted fish or flesh. His chief food was oatmeal gruel, but now and then in summer he had a sallad of choice cool herbs; and for dainties, when he would feast himself upon a high day, he would eat the yelk of a hen's egg, but no part of the white. What bread he did eat, he cut out of the middle of the loaf, but the crust he never tasted. His constant drink was four shilling beer, and no other, for he never tasted wine or strong water. Now and then, when his stomach served, he did eat some kind of sackers, and now and then drank red cow's milk, which his maid, Elizabeth, fetched him out of the fields warm from the cow. Nevertheless, he kept a bountiful table for his servants, and sufficient entertainment for any stranger or tenant who had occasion of business at his house. Every book that was printed, was bought for him, and conveyed to him; but such as related to controversy, he always laid aside and never read.

"In Christmas holidays, at Easter, and other festivals, he had great cheer provided, with all dishes in season, served into his own chamber, with store of wine, which his maid brought in. Then, after thanks to God for his good benefits, he would pin a clean napkin before him, and putting on a pair of clean Holland sleeves, which reached his elbows, cutting up dish after dish, in order; he would send one to one poor neighbor, the next to another, whether it were

brawn, beef, capon, goose, &c., till he had left the table quite empty, when giving thanks again, he laid by his linen, and caused the cloth to be taken away, and this he would do, at dinner and supper, upon these days, without tasting of anything whatsoever.

"When any clamored impudently at the gate, they were not therefore immediately relieved; but when, from his private chamber, he spied any sick, weak, or lame, he would presently send after them, to comfort, cherish and strengthen them; and not a trifle, but as much as would relieve them for many days after. He would moreover inquire which of his neighbors were industrious, and had great charge of children: and withal, if their labor and industry could not supply their families, to such persons he would send, and relieve them according to their necessities. He died, October 29, 1636 aged eighty-four. At his death, his hair and beard were so overgrown, that he appeared rather like a hermit of the wilderness, than the inhabitant of one of the first cities in the world."

The Life of Columbus.

CHAPTER III.

Voyage continued—Land discovered—Going ashore—Other discoveries—Columbus shipwrecked—He builds a fort.

ALTHOUGH, as I said, the hopes of the seamen were for a time blasted, and they appeared sad and dispirited, the vessels still continued their westward course. The weather was fine, the sea tranquil and the wind favorable. By and by, new indications of land cheered their hearts. Dolphins were seen playing about the ships, and birds of various kinds hovered round them.

On the 7th of October, several on

board the *Santa Maria* thought they perceived land. This was made known to the *Nina*, which being a good sailer, stretched forward with the hope of gaining the reward of thirty crowns. It had been agreed that in case land was discovered by either vessel, a flag should be hoisted at her mast head and a gun fired. Not long after the appearances of land we have mentioned, the signal was given from the *Nina*. But, as in former instances, this proved a mistake, and the high hopes which were again suddenly excited soon vanished away.

To Columbus himself, it now seemed strange that no land should be made. They had reached a distance from home of more than two thousand miles, and yet the prospect was no brighter than weeks before. At this time, he determined to vary his course for a couple of days southwest. He was induced to do this by the appearance of flocks of birds which were proceeding in that direction.

The prospect still continued to be encouraging, and after the two days, Columbus still pursued the same course. But on the setting in of the third night, the murmurs of the crew were loud and threatening. Finding mild and conciliatory language in vain, Columbus at length assumed a tone of authority, and declared it to be his unalterable intention to persevere until he had attained the object of his search.

Or, the following day, the indications of land infused new courage into every one's bosom. Besides several other things, a thorn bush, with berries on it, was picked up; also a board and a cane. The night at length set in. It was a night of deep anxiety to Columbus. His breast was alternately filled with hope and fear. Indications of land were now so strong that he ventured to announce to the crews his firm belief that the time of better things was approaching. "This night," said he, "I trust land will be

found." He now ordered a double watch on the fore-castle, and promised a reward of a doublet, or vest of velvet, in addition to the thirty crowns, to him who should make the important discovery.

That night, no one slept on board; all was animation, all was hope; all watched with interest the most intense. To this general animation there was one exception, and that one was Columbus himself. He took a station on the top of the cabin. He watched in silence the progress of the vessels—a deep anxiety pervaded his soul.

About ten o'clock, he was startled by the glimmer, as he thought, of a distant light. He hesitated—again looked—fancied he saw it—believed that he saw it—yet he might be deceived. In this uncertainty, he spoke to one of the crew and pointed in the direction of the light and inquired whether he saw it. The man declared he did. For a time it disappeared, but again and again it was seen by them, and at length was announced to the crew, by several of whom it was also descried. At two o'clock in the morning, (October 12,) the joyful signal was given by a gun from on board the *Pinta*. A seaman first saw the land. His name was Rodrigo de Triana. When first discovered it was about six miles distant.

Satisfied that the long-sought-for object was found, the sails were furled, and on the bosom of the tranquil deep, the vessels lay in peace, and the crews, with eager impatience, waited for the dawn of day. That at length arrived, and behold, outspread before them, lay a beautiful island!

The feelings of Columbus I shall not attempt to describe. It may well be supposed that his joy was intense. The crews were in transports. They now thronged about Columbus. They embraced him—solicited his forgiveness, and told him only to command, and hence-

forth they would obey. Preparations were now made to land and to take possession of the country in the name of the king and queen of Spain. This was done with much form and solemn ceremony.

Columbus dressed himself in a suit of scarlet, and as the boats, well manned and armed, proceeded towards the shore, he bore aloft a royal standard. On reaching the shore, Columbus kneeled, and audibly returned thanks to God. All followed his example. This done, Columbus drew his sword, and waving the standard, declared the land to belong to the crown of Spain. He then required all present to take the oath of submission to him as governor of the island.

From the light which Columbus had seen the night preceding, he had concluded that the land, whatever it was, was inhabited. Before landing, he found his conjectures to be true. Numerous bodies of natives were seen running towards the shore, and appeared to be lost in wonder and amazement. While the boats were getting ready, the number of natives collected on the beach, continued to increase. But as the Spaniards drew towards the shore, they fled in great terror to the woods.

But after the landing was effected, finding the Spaniards quite peaceable in their appearance, they began to venture nearer and nearer, until at length, no longer afraid, they came and handled the long beards of their new visitors. They appeared greatly to admire their dress and the whiteness of their skins. They looked upon the Spaniards as the inhabitants of the skies, but they could scarcely imagine how they descended to the earth unless by means of the clouds, or by the assistance of the sails of their vessels, which they seemed to think were wings.

These inhabitants were naked,—their color was of a copper hue. They had

no beards and the hair of their heads was straight and coarse. They were all painted, and in a manner which was hideous. They appeared to be well shaped, had fine eyes, and in their dispositions were very gentle. Columbus took every possible means to secure their friendship. He distributed among them numerous small presents, such as beads, bells, &c.

Having spent some time in examining the island, Columbus made preparations to leave it. He gave it the name of San Salvador. By the natives it was called Guanahani. In the maps of the present day it goes by the name of Cat Island. This island belongs to a cluster, known by the name of Bahamas, of which some say there are five hundred belonging to the group. The southern limit of San Salvador is in twenty-four degrees north latitude.

Leaving San Salvador, Columbus proceeded to visit several other islands lying in the neighborhood. He found them all inhabited by people strongly resembling the natives of Guanahani. The Spaniards everywhere inquired, by signs, for gold and precious stones; but they were uniformly given to understand, that to find these in abundance, they must go farther south.

On the 28th of October, Columbus discovered the large island of Cuba. The Spaniards were everywhere delighted with the appearance of the islands. The groves were covered with the richest foliage; flowers of endless beauty and variety were sending forth their fragrance upon the surrounding air; birds of the most brilliant plumage were sporting on the wing; and insects of every hue were playing in the sunbeams. All appeared, to the weary navigators, like an earthly paradise. Gold was now the great object of their search. This only was wanting, and their joy would have been complete. But in respect to this

they were disappointed. Leaving Cuba, Columbus coasted southerly, but finding the wind unpropitious, he ordered the vessels to return to Cuba. On the following morning, however, the *Pinta* was nowhere to be seen. What was the meaning of this? Columbus was satisfied that no misfortune had befallen her. She must have deserted. But why? Was she about to return to Spain to rob him of the honor to which he was entitled? At first, it was his purpose to pursue her; but at length he thought better of it, and proceeded to make still farther examination of the coast of Cuba.

Having spent some time longer near its shores, he stretched southward, and soon after discovered the large island of Hispaniola. On the coast of this, a most unfortunate occurrence took place. On Christmas eve, as his vessel was in a calm and smooth sea, and proceeding before a gentle breeze, Columbus retired to rest. Shortly after he had lain down, the helmsman entrusted the pilotage of the ship to a boy, and with the rest of the crew, was soon asleep. In the meanwhile, the vessel fell into a current, and before any on board were aware of the danger, she was driving rapidly upon a sand bank.

The noise of the breakers alarmed the boy, who now called for assistance. Columbus was soon on deck, and was followed by the crew. A boat was got in readiness, and the crew ordered to carry out an anchor to a distance, with the hope of warping the vessel into deeper water. Too much alarmed to attend to the directions of Columbus, the men in the boat, instead of casting the anchor, rowed off half a league to the *Nina* for assistance. But assistance came too late. The vessel was firmly fixed upon the bank. All efforts to save her were in vain.

Columbus and his men took refuge on board the *Nina*, and on the following

day, went on shore, which was only about a league and a half distant. Here they were treated with great kindness by Guacanagari, an old chief, and his subjects, and they found considerable quantities of gold in possession of the Indians. The Spaniards spent some time at this place, being at a loss what course to adopt. The *Santa Maria* was now wrecked, and the *Pinta* had not been heard from. The *Nina* was a small vessel, and many of her crew were fearful that she might be lost on her return.

In these circumstances, and with these fears, several of the crew begged Columbus to allow them to remain on the island. After a little reflection, and finding the natives to be friendly, he consented that a certain number should remain. For their comfort and security, he determined to erect a fort from the materials furnished by the *Santa Maria*. Accordingly she was broken up, conveyed to land, and the fort commenced.

While this was in progress, some Indians arrived from the eastern part of the island, with the news that a large vessel was in that neighborhood. This was joyful intelligence to Columbus. It could be no other than the *Pinta*. He immediately despatched one of his men, with several natives, to ascertain the truth of the report. At the end of three days, the messengers returned, but they had obtained no intelligence to confirm the report. Notwithstanding this, it was still believed that the *Pinta* had been seen, and some hopes were indulged that she might yet be fallen in with.

The completion of the fort was now hastened. It was called *La Navidad*, or *The Nativity*. This being finished, Columbus felt himself under the necessity of discontinuing his voyage of discovery and of returning to Spain. It might be that the *Pinta* had been shipwrecked. Sailing in an unexplored sea, amidst islands, would greatly endanger the

By this time, however, I had ascended beyond its reach.

The grisly bear is twice the size of the common bear, and from its savage disposition and great strength, is altogether the most dreadful beast of the American continent. But, happily for me, it does not often climb trees. I therefore felt secure. Pausing on a large limb of the tree, I looked down at my shaggy acquaintance below. He had now got over his fury, and gazing in my face with a look of the deepest interest, he seemed to think, if he did not say—"Oh how I love you!"

After sitting upon the tree for some time, I began to grow impatient to be released—but Bruin seemed to have no idea of parting with me thus. He continued for several hours, sitting upon his rump, in a kind of brown study, but occasionally looking at me. At last, growing weary, I reclined against the trunk of the tree, and my grisly jailer, as if to torment me, lay down upon the ground, and putting his nose to his tail, seemed to say that he had made up his mind to stay till I should come down. I waited for some time in silence, to see if he would not fall asleep and allow me an opportunity of escape; but the moment I moved a foot or hand, I could see his keen eye twinkle, thus showing that the sentinel was awake and watchful.

At last I got out of patience, and selecting a good arrow, I sent it fiercely at his head. It struck him over the eye, and evidently gave him great pain, for he growled terribly, and rubbed the wounded place with his huge paw; and finally he looked up at me, at the same time curling his lip and showing a set of teeth that made me shudder. I could easily understand this pantomime, and I knew it to mean something like this: "Sooner or later, my lad, you must come down, and these teeth shall take due revenge upon you."

Night at length came—and still the beast remained at his post. I caught a little sleep, but I was too fearful of falling to the ground to get any sound repose. In the morning I heard the call of my companions, and now knew that they had missed me, and were come to find me. I answered their shout with a cry that filled the valley with echoes. The old bear seemed startled; he rose, shook his shaggy coat, and gazed wistfully around.

Directed by my voice, my friends soon drew near; and when they came to the opposite bank of the river, I told them my situation and pointed out Bruin at the foot of the tree. In a moment the rifle was levelled at my tormentor, and the ball entered his side. Stung with pain, but not mortally wounded, the monster turned towards his new enemy. Leaping into the stream, he began to swim across; but his head being exposed, several arrows were aimed at him, some of which took effect. As he ascended the rocky bank of the river, the rifle being re-loaded, was again discharged, and, the ball passing through his heart, he fell backward, and rolled with a heavy plash into the stream.

But I have wandered a little from my track. I said that the necessity of obtaining a supply of food, at last roused the men of the encampment from their repose. After making due preparation, by providing themselves with knives, bows and arrows, &c., about twenty of them departed; and as I was now a tolerably expert hunter, I was permitted to accompany the party. The events which followed will be described in the next chapter.

Always have a book within your reach, which you may catch up at your odd minutes. Revolve in your mind what you have last been reading.

LITTLE LEAVES FOR LITTLE READERS.



Mamma's Lessons.

I ONCE knew two little children, who had a great deal of knowledge, for their age, and yet they were not taught altogether by books. They had a good mother, who took great pains with their education, and she managed in such a way as to make her lessons very pleasing.

I will tell you one method of teaching which she adopted—and it was this. She would get her two children around her, and then would ask them what creatures lived in the air? what lived in the water? what lived on the earth, &c. The children would give such answers as they pleased; if they were right, they were told so; if wrong, they were corrected.

That you may understand how this affair went on, I will give you a dialogue, which will set the matter clearly before you. You will remember that the children were named Dick and Lydia.

Mother. Now tell me, my children, what animals live in the air?

Dick. Birds.

M. Do all birds live in the air?

Lydia. No, mother; the ostrich is said never to fly, and it seems to me that many other birds, such as hens, partridges, quails, and others, rarely fly, and therefore cannot be said even to live in the air.

M. What birds live most in the air?

D. I should think the swallows, for they seem to me to be dodging about from morning to night. And, mother, I have heard Ben Halliard, the sailor, say that there is a sea-swallow that is always flying; he declares that the creature never lights and that he hatches his eggs under his wing!

M. The sea-swallow, or mother Carry's chicken, is a bird that can remain on the wing for a long time; but like all other birds, it goes sometimes to the land. It builds its nest on the uninhabited islands of the sea; many of them may be seen in the unfrequented rocky islands near Florida.

L. Mother, it is said the birds of Paradise live always on the wing.

M. This is also an error ; the sailors, who frequented the seas near the Asiatic islands, where these lovely birds are often seen on the wing, fancied them to be creatures of the air ; and being always in the spicy breath of those charming regions, they called them *birds of Paradise*. But now, that we are better acquainted with the islands of the Pacific, we know that the birds of Paradise live chiefly on the land, and sport, like others of the feathered race, amid the branches of the trees.

L. Well, mother, I think there are other creatures that live in the air, beside birds. I mean insects, such as butterflies, bees, wasps, and other little flying creatures.

M. You should rather say, my dear, that these animals live *a part of the time* in the air. It is with these insects, as with birds, that though we see them often on the wing, they really spend but a part of the time in flying. Let me now ask you to tell what animals live in the water ?

D. Fishes.

L. Beside fishes, there are other things ; such as lobsters, crabs, oysters, clams, and many other creatures.

D. Yes ; but these are fishes,—are they not, mother ?

M. They are called shell-fish, but they are quite distinct from fishes, properly so called. The latter have no legs, and possess fins, by which they push themselves along in the water. They have a long skeleton, upon which the flesh is formed ; whereas, in the shell-fish, there is no interior skeleton, but the flesh and muscles are attached to an exterior shell. Thus you see that the whole structure of the proper fishes and of the shell fish are very distinct.

D. That is very curious, indeed ; but there are some creatures that live partly in water and partly on the land.

M. Yes ; and these are called amphibious.

L. That puts me in mind of a story, mother. A traveller went once to the Tower of London, to see the wild animals. There was a man there who made it his business to show them and describe them. Well, there was a young alligator among the animals, and when the showman came to describe him, he said, " Here, ladies and gentlemen, is a halligator, which came from Merriky, in the state of Georgia ; it was ketched in the great river Mississippi, which runs all the way up hill. This creature is amphibious, which means that he cannot live in the water and dies on the land ; he is six feet and a 'alf from the tip of his tail to the tip of his nose, and seven feet ten inches from the tip of his nose to the tip of his tail. Like all Merri-kens, the halligator is fond of young niggers, and the night afore he was ketched, he made his supper upon two of them ! "

M. That story is absurd enough ; though it is quite true that the showman at the Tower of London, does tell some queer stories. If he makes such mistakes and shows such prejudice, in respect to our country, as the story represents, he is certainly like many English travellers, who ought to know better. I think Mr. Dickens, who writes such nonsense about our country, should be employed to show the animals at the Tower. But let me now ask what class of animals live entirely on the land ?

L. Quadrupeds, or four-footed beasts.

M. That is right ; most quadrupeds spend their time wholly on the land ; the only one of them that can fly, is the bat ; and this creature is formed almost as much like a bird as a four-footed beast. Some of the amphibious animals, such as lizards, toads, frogs and tortoises, are quadrupeds ; and though these creatures live a part of their time in the water, most of them still spend the greater portion of their time on the land.

Questions.

I SHOULD like to have my little readers send me answers to the following twenty questions. They must be careful to direct all their letters to the care of Bradbury & Soden, and they must also pay the postage.

1. What are the five most remarkable quadrupeds in Africa?
2. What are the three most famous animals in Asia?
3. What is the largest of quadrupeds, and of what countries is it a native?
4. What is the tallest animal in the world, and where is it found?
5. What is the largest kind of bird, and where is it found?
6. What is the largest kind of serpent, and where is it found?
7. What is the smallest kind of bird, and where is it found?
8. What is the largest of animals, and where does it live?

9. What animal most resembles man, and where is it found?
10. What animal is most useful to man?
11. What is the largest quadruped found wild in America?
12. What is the most fierce and formidable wild quadruped in the United States?
13. What celebrated poisonous serpent belongs to the United States?
14. What is the largest bird of prey in the world and where is it found?
15. What are the two most remarkable animals of New Holland?
16. What bird is called the king of birds?
17. What is generally esteemed the most beautiful of insects?
18. What is the most useful insect to man?
19. What animal seems most attached to man?
20. What is the most powerful known quadruped?



Old Age.

HERE is a picture of an old man, walking in the woods, and a little bird, on the tree, seems to be speaking to him. What do you think the little bird says to

the old man? I will try to tell you.
Thus speaks the little bird :

"Come, good old man, and speak to me,
For I am young and thou art old ;
Full many a year hath passed o'er thee,
And many a tale of wisdom told.

Give me thy counsel, aged wight ;
For here the hawk doth prowl by day,
And many a cruel owl by night—
Seeking on little birds to prey.

Oh, tell me how these things to shun,
Or teach me where to find some zone,
Beneath a far-off southern sun,
Where hawks and owls are all unknown."

Thus urged, the old monk spake: "Sweet
thing,
I love to list thy pretty words,
And gather from thy twittering,
That there is wisdom with the birds.

And I will give thee counsel true,
And if thou heed my word with care
In pleasures ever sweet and new,
Thy life shall pass—but, bird, beware!

Far o'er the deep an islet lone,
Is circled by the briny wave ;
No grief or sorrow there is known,
No grisly death, no ghastly grave.

Depart and win with earnest flight,
This peaceful region of the blest ;
But mark—a bosom fair and bright,
Alone can reach that land of rest!"

Now these lines tell a fancy tale, or allegory, which has some meaning. In the first place, I wish my readers to observe that the little bird does not laugh at the old man and make fun of him, or run away from him. On the contrary, the bird seems to think that as the man is old, he has a great deal of wisdom, and is therefore capable of giving good advice.

Now the bird here shows good sense. Instead of avoiding old people, children should always love to be with them, and should always treat them with kindness, attention and respect. Old people are usually very fond of children, and they can tell them many pretty tales, and many curious things they have seen.

It seems that the bird is troubled by hawks and owls, and desires to go to some happy land where it may be free from such dangers, and may dwell in quiet and content. And the old man tells the bird, of a far-off isle, where those who are pure and good may live forever in a state of unbroken felicity. This part of the allegory means that there is another world, in which the pure in heart may see God and dwell with Him forever in happiness.

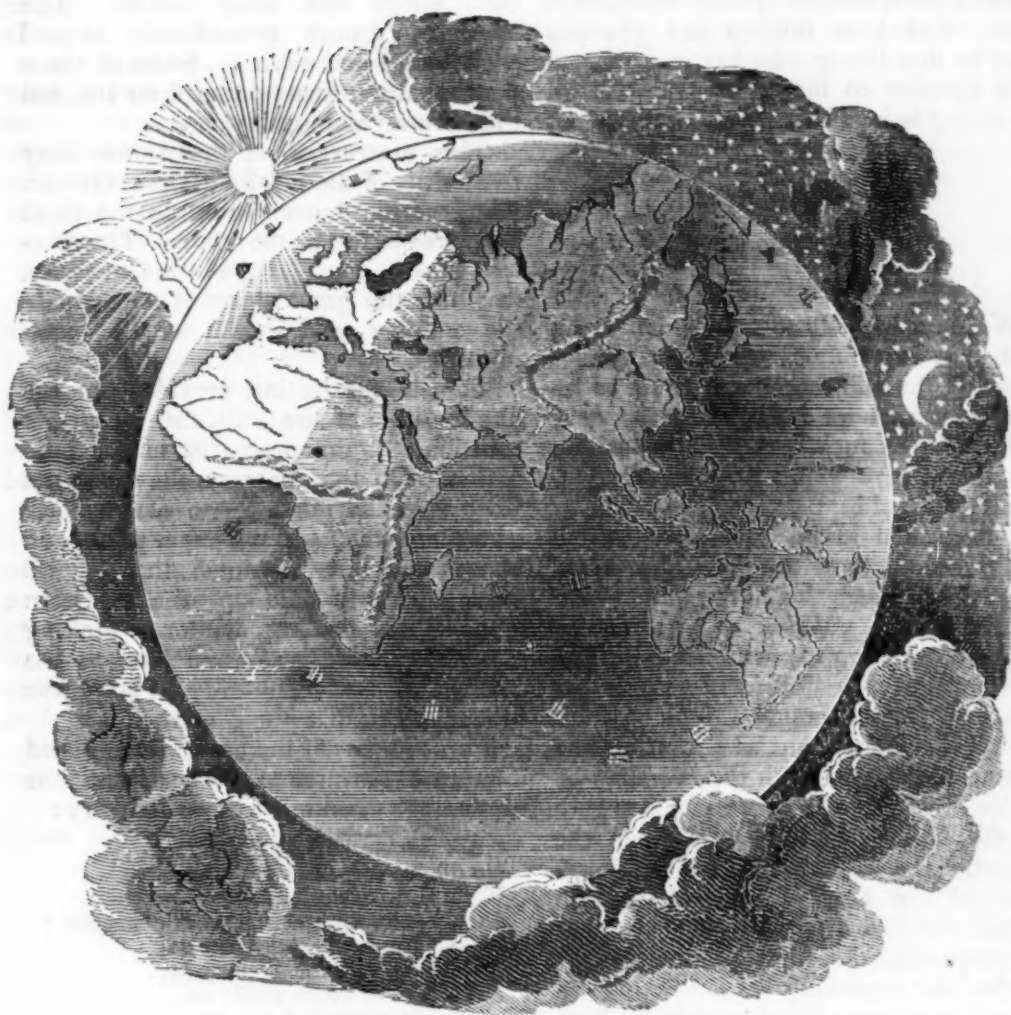
The Sun, Moon and Stars.

HERE is a picture which represents the earth in the centre, and the sun, moon and stars around it. It also represents clouds around the earth.

We suppose that all our readers know that the earth is a vast globe, or ball, eight thousand miles in diameter and twenty-five thousand miles in circumference. It is suspended in space, and makes a vast circuit around the sun, every year. It also turns round on its axis once in twenty-four hours.

Some people cannot conceive that the earth turns round every day, and I know of a man who insists that it is impossible. "Why," says he, "if the earth was to turn round, my well would be bottom upwards, and all the water would run out!" The fact that the earth revolves like a wheel, is just as certain as that there is a sun or a moon.

In the picture, the sun appears very near to the earth; but this is only to show how the sun shines on the earth.



The sun is actually ninety-five millions of miles from the earth. The moon is also a great many thousand miles from the earth. The stars are likewise very distant, some of them being much farther off than the sun.

The science of the heavenly bodies is called astronomy; and a very interesting study it is. It tells us the size, the distance, and the motions of the sun, moon and stars, as far as we can learn them. In the study of the stars, a telescope is used, which enables us to see a great

many more stars than are visible to the naked eye; it also enables you to see little moons around some of the planets, such as Jupiter and Saturn; it also enables you to see a bright ring around Saturn.

By the study of the heavens, wise and learned men have come to the opinion that all these bright orbs which you see in the sky at night, are worlds, covered with people, like our own world. They suppose that, to the people in these stars, our world looks like a little bright star.

What a great subject of contemplation is this! And how mighty and glorious must be that Being who has created, and who sustains so many worlds, with all the living beings that dwell upon them!

Inquisitive Jack.

CHAPTER IX.

Many curious things about bees.

WE have already told so much about bees, that our young readers are perhaps weary of the subject; but it must be remembered that we are relating the story of Inquisitive Jack, and it is proper that we should give a full account of whatever interested him.

It happened in his case, as it has in many others, that the more he knew about this subject, the more interesting it became to him. When he first noticed the bees, crawling about the flowers, and fingering the little delicate leaves in the centre of the blossoms, he did not think much about them; but now that he had become acquainted with the wonders of the bee-hive, he was very curious to gain all the knowledge he could upon the subject. By his own inquiries, therefore, and the help of aunt Betsey, he learned the following additional particulars respecting these curious insects.

After the swarming season is over, a general massacre of the drones in the hive takes place. This usually occurs toward the latter part of July. The unfortunate victims evidently perceive their danger; for they are now seen darting in and out of the hive, and passing from one place to another, as if afraid of being seized. Like some poor man, who owes a debt he cannot pay, and is afraid of being caught by the sheriff, they wander from place to place, as if in a constant state of alarm.

When the working bees meet these drones, they fall upon them and plunge

their stings into their bodies. The wounded drones immediately expand their wings and expire. Some of these poor creatures struggle hard for life, but they are all slain at last.

This destruction of the drones may remind us of the old Spartans of Greece, who sacrificed everything to the thrift and prosperity of the state. The bee-hive may be considered a little monarchy, in which the great object is to increase the number and wealth of the community.

The drones having provided for the due increase of the bees, can no farther contribute to the prosperity of the little nation. On the contrary, they will not work even so much as to obtain their own food; they still devour a portion of honey, and thus diminish the general stock which is laid up as a provision against the coming winter. Making everything give way, therefore, to the interest of the community at large, the drones are slain without mercy.

This practice of the bees has furnished a happy illustration to the poet, who thus urges upon mankind a life of industry:

"Nor think a life of toil severe,
No life has blessings so sincere:
Its meals so luscious, sleep so sweet,
Such vigorous limbs, such health complete;
No mind so active, brisk and gay
As his who toils the livelong day.
A life of sloth drags hardly on;
Suns set too late and rise too soon.
Youth, manhood, age, all linger slow
To him who nothing has to do.
The drone, a nuisance to the hive,
Stays, but can scarce be said to live;
And well the bees, those judges wise,
Plague, chase and sting him till he dies."

The swarming of bees may be compared to the emigration of a great number of people from one country, and forming colonies in another. In the winter, at least three-fourths of the bees in the hive usually perish. But the amazing fruitfulness of the queen more than supplies this waste, and by mid-

summer, the hive is usually too full for them all to be comfortable.

It is in somewhat the same situation that Ireland is in at the present time—and as many of the natives of that island are coming in swarms to this country, so the bees pass off in crowds, and take up their abode elsewhere. Sometimes two or even three swarms will issue from one hive in a year.

The swarm is very careful to select a good fair day for their emigration. They usually take one of the young queens with them, and, if by any chance the swarm passes off without a queen, they always return to the hive. While swarming, bees are generally peaceable, and may be hived without difficulty.

A writer upon bees tells the following interesting story: "A little girl of my acquaintance was greatly afraid of bees, but was completely cured of her fears by the following incident. A swarm having come off, I observed the queen alight by herself at some distance from the hive; I immediately called my little friend that I might shew her the queen. She wished to see her more nearly; so, after having caused her to put on her gloves, I gave the queen into her hand.

We were in an instant surrounded by the whole swarm. In this emergency, I encouraged the girl to be steady, bidding her remain silent and fear nothing. I then made her stretch out her right hand which held the queen, and covered her neck and shoulders with a very thin handkerchief. The swarm soon fixed upon her hand, and hung from it, as from the branch of a tree. The little girl was delighted above measure at this novel sight, and so entirely freed from all her fears that she bade me uncover her face. At length, I brought a hive, and shaking the swarm from the child's hand, it was lodged in safety, without inflicting a single wound."

Bees are subject to several diseases;

among which vertigo is the most remarkable. This causes great lassitude or weakness of the hind legs, an irregular mode of flying, and often produces death. The enemies of bees are numerous, among which we may mention birds, poultry, mice, wax-moths, slugs, hornets, wasps, ants and spiders. Of all these, the most destructive are wasps; these often enter the hive, and as one wasp is a match for three bees, they devour great quantities of honey.

Another great enemy to bees is the king-bird, or tyrant fly-catcher. A gentleman once shot a king-bird, and in his crop he found no less than one hundred and seventy-one bees; on being taken out, and laid on a blanket in the sun, fifty-four of these returned to life.

Great attention has been paid to the rearing of bees, and it has been found advantageous to remove them from one place to another, so that they may obtain fresh pasturage. A gentleman in England had once a swarm which weighed but five pounds when he removed it to Dartmoor Heath; at the end of two months, it was increased in weight no less than twenty-four pounds!

Bees are supposed to have some means of communicating with each other, not very unlike language. Their two horns which come out from the head below the eyes, called antennæ, are supposed to answer the purpose of ears, and to convey sounds as well as to accomplish some other objects.

Bees, as well as ants, are often seen to meet and cross their antennæ, and they then proceed to act as if important information was thus imparted. When the queen of a hive is lost, the intelligence is spread with such rapidity that twenty thousand bees are informed of the fact in the space of a few hours,—a circumstance to be explained only by the supposition of something like language, in use among them.

The lives of most insects are extremely brief. Some live but a few hours; others for a few days, or weeks, or months. By far the larger portion begin and end their existence in the course of the warm season. The drones or male bees are cut off by violence, as we have seen, after having lived three or four months. The average life of the working bee is about six months, though they sometimes live to the age of ten or twelve months.

The queen is a more favored being. She is not only the mother of thousands, but she survives, while many generations pass away. Her life is often extended to the period of four or five years.

What is Habit?

WHEN we have done a thing several times, it becomes easier for us to do it than before. When a boy begins to use profane words, he does it with a feeling of awkwardness. The first time he swears, he usually feels quite badly.

But he swears the second time more easily, and more easily still the third time. At last he does it without any bad feeling, and, indeed, takes a pleasure in his profanity. He has now got a *habit* of swearing, and it is easier for him to use bad language than any other.

It is just the same with lying. A child feels very badly when he tells the first lie. He feels badly, too, when he tells the second; but when he has told a dozen or two, he usually tells a lie as easily as he tells the truth; and the reason is that he has got a *habit* of lying.

Habit is, then, a disposition, an inclination to do a thing arising from practice. It is said that practice makes perfect, by which it is meant that a person does a thing easily which he has done often.

Now some very important inferences are to be drawn from this. If a person does evil repeatedly, he gets a habit of it and it becomes natural, easy for him

to do evil; and the longer a person goes on in this habit, the more easy it is for him to do evil, and the more difficult to do well. What a fearful thing it is, therefore, to get any bad habit!

It is the same with good habits as bad ones—they tend to control us and guide our conduct. If a person does good repeatedly, it becomes a habit with him to do good; it is easy for him to do good, and difficult to do wrong. What an important thing it is to have good habits!

Now, my dear reader, remember that every day you are forming habits, good or bad; you are every day making it easier to do evil or to do well. Habits are like railroad tracks, upon which we move quickly, easily, and rapidly. Let us all take care that our habits lead in a right direction, and end in peace and not in sorrow.

Fitchburg, July 29, 1843.

MR. ROBERT MERRY:

Dear Sir,—The following lines were written for a little girl who is a subscriber to the Museum. It would be gratifying to her to have them inserted.

Yours, F. S. W.

THE CHICKADEE.

Elizabeth.—Pretty bird, pray come to me,
I've a little home for thee.

Bird.—No I can't, I am free,
Chickadee dee dee,
I will sing upon this tree,
Every day for you and me;
O, how happy I shall be!
Chickadee dee dee.
When the earth from snow is free
And the tender plant you see,
Then you'll hear right merrily,
Chickadee dee dee.

E.—When the summer months shall flee
And the little busy bee
Stays at home, where will be
Chickadee dee dee?

B.—Far away beyond the sea,
Singing in the orange tree,
You will hear so cheerily,
Chickadee dee dee.
Here I am, don't you see,
High upon this cherry tree;
So good-bye, dear Lizzie,
Don't forget the chickadee.

(*Flies away*.)—Chickadee, chickadee,
I am happy, I am free;
While cheerily and merrily,
Sings the little chickadee!